Office Seekers Who Are Never Willing to Admit Defeat.

ARE SURE OF SUCCESS IN THE END

The Pathetic Side of One of the Features of Washington.

ON THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE



THE SADDEST sights in Washing ton are the faces of the men who have haunted the White of March, or soon thereafter. There's no joke in that statement. The unfortunate side of this class of men is so often made to do duty for jokes that

it is almost imposthe public to realize that there is more of pathos than of fun in many of these cases. Often the office seeker is a man of means, but more often he is not, and while he is criticised for killing time in the pursuit of what appears to more sensible men to be a phantom, he begins with good intentions and with the hope of bettering himself or his family.

The departure of President McKinley for his summer vacation has left a class of these tenacious but unfortunate aspirants in the city, still with a lingering hope that the President will do something for them | cr senators took them and introduced them

THEY LIVE ON HOPE carry the county, and didn't McKinley write him a letter of thanks? Only One of Many.

The poor, uninitiated fellow doesn't know that McKinley received thousands of letters, and that he saw none of them. His name was signed with a rubber stamp or by some secretary. Perchance, in great triumph, he will produce a letter of somewhat ancient date, postmarked at the fa-mous town-of Canton. It bears the signa-



ture of Wm. McKinley, and it informs the writer that his very encouraging letter has been received, for which he must accept many thanks. "This shows whether Mc-Kinley knows me." he says, with an im-perious wave of his hand and a disdainful look at the man who smiles in a knowing way at the letter. All this and much more he tells to those who will listen. He likes to tell it to newspaper men. Why shouldn't he? Doesn't he think all of them are like Mr. Johnson, who edits the Sprizzs Run Bazoo? Hasn't Mr. Johnson given him many red hot notices, and can't he show those portices? They are on his capitalization. notices? They are on his application, and they say that he has gone to Washington to see the President, who will be forced to recognize him "as a man fit for the eminent position to which he aspires. He is a lifelong friend of the President." Just after the inauguration of the President the office hunters began their visits to the White House. Their representatives

more trip. Again Capt. Peters comes in contact with the warm handshake and genial smile of the President. He edges up

and says something to remind the Presi dent who he is.

"Ah," says the President, "your papers are now at the State Department."

The Same Old Story. What pleasure floats over Capt. Peters

Of course his papers are at the State De-

partment. That's where they were intended

to go, but the President hasn't seen them.

He simply knows they are there. He doesn't

tell Capt. Peters so, but he will probably

think that the papers are among a thousand others. In three more weeks nothing has been done. Capt. Peters tries for another visit to the President, but the congressman tells him his matter will be attended to so soon as it is reached. He has a hankering supplies that he had better left for the congression that he had better left for the congression that the head hetereleft for the congression that the head heater left for the congression that the congres

suspicion that he had better look after the case himself, and he goes to the White House. He sits around day after day. He

is sure that if he sends in his card the President will rush outside to greet him. The card falls into the hands of Secretary

Porter, who knows the President is busy. The card lies on a table, forgotten. The same old story is repeated day after

day. Peters varies the program at times by going to the State Department and try-

ing to see Judge Day or Secretary Sherman. But every day he is at the White House something goes wrong. Some of the numer-ous signs are holsted to the effect that the

President is engaged on public business and won't be able to see visitors. He knows that sign isn't meant for him, and he stays

He stays until everybody has gone to lunch and then he ambles off. At last

Sees Mr. Porter

Still He Hangs On. The President goes away for the summer without the consulship at Toulong being settled. He will make an appointment in



came here four or five months ago with a small sum of money in their pockets. It represented about all they possessed or could borrow. They continue to borrow, and manage to pay for a cheap room somewhere in the city and for meals at respectable but cheap restaurants. They don't able but cheap restaurants. They don't want anybody to know these facts, and to see them at the large hotels every evening it would be supposed they were guests of hese holsteries. They stand around the hotel lobbies and

chat with an air of the greatest impor-tance. In the course of nearly every even-ing they strike an unsuspecting and casy victim for a cigar. This they handle with the nonchalance of men who have for years been accustomed to the finest that are made. When they can't get a guileless individual to talk to about the strong back-ing they have for the positions for which ing they have for the positions for which they are applying they "go up" against each other. They swap stories about their extended interviews with the President, and not one has ever been heard to admit that his chances were bad. They may carry faces around with them which would well represent a funeral procession, yet they never give up in words and never suspect that their faces can be read. That is the way they look and act at night around the hotel corridors.

Results of Ambition.

As a rule they are fairly bright fellows some of them with pulls in their home counties or in their towns. They naturally become ambitious and want to dabble in rational politics. That and the o'erweening



or to go abroad is what brings them here. If they are able to do good work in a county it is not much trouble to get the backing of their representative in the lower house of Congress. He signs anything and everything which comes along. They don't know this, as they haven't become as wily as he has, and they think with his signa-ture they can break into the White House for interviews with the President, and talk independently to a cabinet officer. It is a long time after reaching Washington that they conclude that they ought to have some other indorsement besides the backing of Representative Smithfield. They try one or both of the serators from their state, and these officials likewise sign most any

paper presented.

The foregoing is not descriptive of a majority of the office seekers, but there are many of this class who will be a long time in learning the little tricks of politics.

They practice these tricks in an uncouth way at home on their followers, but they think they are too important and cute to be made fools of here or anywhere else. Another class gets indorsements from senators and representatives and from everybody. The petition they present at the White House is formidable enough to secretary Porter, to escape further persistency, agrees to give him an interview with the President. Mr. Porter instructs the doorkceper to admit him just as soon as the President is at leisure. But the President doesn't have leisure. Before he finishes with some senator in will come a cabinet officer. The badiy pestered candidate stays outside and walts. He goes away late in the afternoon, satisfied that when he comes back the next day conditions will be more favorable. He goes through this for months. There are many cases of men who have been in Washington three months and have been able to see the President but once. It is not the President but once it is not the President's fault. He is always busy and sees whoever is pushed in on him or whoever scare prospectors away from the Yukon gold fields. They are of the opinion that



Will Call Again.

when a man signs a thing he means just what he says, and that the President will he obliged to recognize the formidable signatures of Sam Brown, the county sheriff, of Bill Jones, the village editor, and of people of this class. Why, didn't they work hard for McKinley and elect him? he thinks. Why, Sam Brown wrote to McKinley last fall and told him he would

strengthens his indorsements by adding every name he can. His money is scarce, but he is living cheaply. Some of his hated rivals charge that he goes to the market each day, buys a pig's foot and goes off in a neighboring park and eats it. This is cheaper than a 25-cent dinaer, and in hot weather it is better not to eat too much. His room rent is \$5 a month. When the end of a month draws near he manages to "touch" somebody for that amount. His landlady believes he is a man worth much money, and whose influence is valuable. She even seeks his indorse nent for the application of her daughter for a position in the Congressional Library. He signs his name to the application and the lady thinks she has secured all that is necessary to get the coveted position.

When September comes the Toulong consulship will go to a man Capt. Peters has never heard of. Capt. Peters will still stick, however. He will change his application to some other consulship. That has been what all the other defeated candidates have done so far. He follows custom. Exactly what will become of him is a matter for speculation, but in all probability he will go home vowing vengeance on the republican party and the President.

Few of the candidates here realize that they will never get what they want unless their senators are personally interested in them and will push their cases before the President as often as possible. That is the way appointments are secured. The two senators fron a state have fifty men after them for consular offices. They sign the applications of all these men, but they are told by the President that their state will not be given more than six places. Fifty won't go into six.

The two-senators make up their minds that they will have to pick out the six men, and they do so, concentrating all their influence on the six. Naturally they hate to tell the other forty-four that there is no chance for them. The forty-four go to the White House on their own hook and pass through the experiences narrated in the case of Capt. Peters. A

September. In the meantime Capt. Peters

strengthens his indorsements by adding every name he can. His money is scarce,

to the White House on their own hook and to the White House on their own hook and pass through the experiences narrated in the case of Capt. Peters. A few of the more sensible of the number go home and give up the fight, but many of the others stick, and will be sticking next September. They fully believe that the bare indorsement of their senators is sufficient, when they are too simple or too anxious to know the truth. the truth.

Senator Mason, for instance, has been known to have a dozen consular candidates waylay him at the door of the White House to force him to take them to the President. He has had to put them off and even to talk roughly to some of them.

His Eyes Were Opened.

A bright Illinois man, who came here early to secure a good foreign appointment, said to a Star man one day that when he left Chicago to come here he was certain that the President would be forced to recognize him. "I had no other idea," he said, "but the President would say; 'Certainly, what will you have? I will have it fixed for you in a minute.' I have found out something," he concluded, and he went hame. He was a man of considerable influence in his ward and throughout the city of Chicago. He was a philosophical kind. of Chicago. He was a philosophical kind of a chap, and when he found out the ex-act facts he even laughed about it. He didn't go home threatening to turn the fifteenth ward over to the demograts.

The simplest of all the candidates are

those who are striving for positions with-out the influential indorsements of repre-sentatives or senators. They come backed by the county sheriff, clerk of courts, cor-oners, all the town merchants and min-isters and the politicians of the county. Last Tuesday, the day before the depart-ure of the President, there were many familiar faces in the crowd waiting for a familiar faces in the crowd waiting for a last chance at him. They ought to have known there was no opportunity. On the door of Secretary Porter's room was the sign, in big letters: "Cabinet day. Visitors not received." This was plain, and all of them saw it because they went to the door to make an effort to get in.

In the number was a piucky fellow from Boston. He has a petition as long as the Mississippi river. He has the backing of one or two of his representatives, but the senators won't indorse him. He says he doesn't care for that, as he was an original

to the President. Oh! what a proud moment. The congressman says: "Mr. President, this is Capt. Peters. He is an applicant for the consulship at Toulong. He is a great and good republican." The President smiles, grasps his hand, and Capt. Peters departs. He is satisfied he has won the day. The President is introduced to another man in the same way, and forgets, half the time, that he has met such a man as Capt. Peters.

Capt. Peters dend the nominations. He wants to see the President again. The congressman consents to make one more trip. Again Capt. Peters comes in



He still has the passes, but the office has passed to another man. His application now is for something else of a less extensive character. He is still sanguine. He is

built that way. The Pity of It All.

Another was a young man from Illinois. He wanted a consulship, and still wants it. He has one of his senators, but not the other. Last December he sent his invalid wife to California. He came here in March, hoping to get a consulate that would make him a living. His wife and children are still in California, and he is here living still in California, and he is here !iving cheaply. He is without money. His eyes fill with tears when he talks of his faraway family. He loves them, and came here hoping to better his and their condition. It has been made worse. He hasn't the money to go to his family, and can't send them money to come to him. His case is one of a number. Everything is staked on the chance of getting office, and all is lost.

profiting by an interview with the President unless one or both of his senators were with him. In the first place, the President doesn't care to be worried with him. It is naturally supposed that if he hasn't the proper backing he doesn't amount to much. Several candidates have had good stories, however, and when they secured private audiences with the President have made out good cases. One man presented his case so well and made such an impression that the President gave him a promise to give him a position. He can rest secure that the promise will be kept. All he will have to do will be to have somebody to occasionally remind the President that he is still waiting. This has to be done in most cases, even when a man is well backed, as cases, even when a man is wen backed, as the President cannot remember every man who ought to be cared for. There is a good deal in keeping a case before the President, if it can be done without giving



ident's fault. He is always busy and sees whoever is pushed in on him or whoever has the right to walk in.

This is not an exaggeration of the trials of these poor candidates. In fact, it is a meager and incomplete story of what they undergo for weeks. At night they go to see their senator or representative. He puts them off with some story which brightens them on with some story which brightens them on you a few minutes. They discover the next day that what they heard from the senator doesn't make things any better, and really amounted to nothing. Then they go to the hotels and stand around and pick their teeth like city boys at camp meetings. The story is that a sure way to get an invitation to dine at a camp meeting is to pick your teeth. The man who is living at the camp ground thinks you have eaten and asks you to step in and have dinner with him. When you accept he nearly loses his religion.



A Pinnisphere of the Heavens, showing the positions of the principal stars which are above theorizon at 9 p.m., July 31.

HEAVENS IN AUGUST

Hints for Those Who Like to Watch the Stars.

THE METEORIC SHOWER NEXT MONTH

Conditions Are Favorable for a Study of the Zodiac.

EQUINOXES ON THE HORIZON

Written for The Evening Star.

The brilliant white star which may be found at 9 o'clock tonight almost directly overhead is Vega, or Alpha Lyrae, the jewel in the constellation of the Lyre, and one of the brightest stars in the northern hemisphere. Run a line with the finger from Vega, in a southeasterly direction, and at two-fifths of the distance to the horizon you will strike Altair, a star of the average first magnitude brightness, in the Eagle. Altair is flanked by two stars, one of the third and one of the fourth magnitude, the three stars forming a line about five degrees in length, which points nearly in the direction of Vega. These two flanking stars were very likely, the wings of the original tagle, though the modern chart maker has thought otherwise and has depicted a bird here which has no sort of resemblance to nything to be seen among

the actual stars.

Return to Vega and run a line in a northeasterly direction. At one-fourth of the distance to the horizon you will strike Alpha Cygni, a brilliant second magnitude star—sometimes ranked as a first magnitude—which marks the tail of the Swan. This star and Vega are at about equal distances from Altair, the three forming a large triangle, which makes a useful landmark in this part of the heavens. Near the center of this triangle is Beta Cygni, in the Swan's Head. This constellation, of which the five brighter stars have a cross-like arrangement, is known also as the Northern Cross! Beta is in the foot of the cross; Alpha in the head. Its two arms form the Swan's wings.

Starting again with Vega, run a line in a the actual stars. Starting again with Vega run a line in

direction between south and southwest. At one-fourth of the distance from the horizon to the zehith you will find Antares, a decidedly red star, hardly up to the first mag-nitude, at the center of the sparkling con-stellation Scorpio. Directly on this line from Vega to Antares, somewhat nearer the former than the latter star, is the bright second magnitude star, which marks the head of the Serpent Holder, Ophiuchus. Five degrees to the right or west of this star is the head of Hercules, marked by a reddish variable star, which ranges from the third to the fourth magnitude. Below this star and a little to th right is a pretty pair of fourth magnitude stars, which mark the left shoulder of Ophluchus. This little group of stars is a quite noticeable asterism, of which it will be well to make a mental note.

In the west Arcturus will be found at a c'elekt tenight at about one-third of

9 o'clock tonight, at about one-third of the distance from the horizon to the zenith. Contrast its orange-yellow hue with the bluish-white of Vega. A line run with the binish-white of vega. A the firm from Vega to Arcturus passes through the trapezium which forms the body of Hertrapezium which forms the body of Her-cules and through the Northern Crown. This latter constellation, formed by a nearly complete oval of six or seven stars, will easily be identified. Its brightest star, Alpheta, forms with Arcturus, and a second magnitude star in the left shoulder of Bo-otis, a triangle of which the three sides are about equal in length. At the center of this triangle is Epsilon Bo-otis, an experimental star the s ceedingly pretty colored double star, the components of which are ashy-white and emerald-green, though to see it in its beauty one requires a good three-inch tele-

The Constellations.

In the opposite quarter of the heavens the great square of Pegasus is now fairly above the horizon, directly below the Swan; in the northeast Andromeda, whose head forms one corner of the square, though lower is wholly visible. Above the feet of the hapless Andromeda sits Cas siopeia, her haughty mother. In the northwest, at the same altitude as Cassiopeia, is the Great Dipper in the Ursa Major. is the Great Dipper in the Ursa Major. Midway between these two constellations is the Pole Star. Directly above the Pole Star, and partly to the left, is the Great Dragon, the two second magnitude stars which form its eyes being well up toward the zenith. The Little Dipper, at the end of the handle of which is the Pole Star, curves upward to the left. The two stars in this dipper which correspond with the Pointers in the Great Dipper are sometimes called the guardians of the pole. Tonight they are in a line nearly perpendicular to the horizon. As the heavens are now posed at

As the neavens are now posed at 9 o'clock, the two equinoxes are on the horizon, the vernal in the east, the autumnal in the west. The occasion is favorable for a special strop of the zodiac. Begin by locating among the actual stars the celes-tial equator. Point the finger to the exact locating among the actual stars the celestial equator. Point the finger to the exact western point in the horizon, and sweep with it a line in the heavens to the exact eastern point, passing on the way three degrees below the star which marks the right shoulder of Ophiuchus and eight degrees below Attair. All stars above this line are in the northern and all below are in the southern hemisphere. Upon referring to the planisphere it will be seen that the portion of the "sun's path"—the ecliptic of astronomers — which is now above the horizon, lies wholly in the southern hemisphere. The sun will traverse this half of its ampiral course between September 22 next, when it will "cross the line" from north to south, and March 21, when it will cross in the opposite direction at the vernal equinox. The six zodiacal "signs" through which it will pass on its way, spending a month in each, are marked on the planisphere by their hierogryphs, taken from the almanac. The first sign which the sun will then enter—the seventh reckoned from Arles—is Libra, the symbol of which is designed, apparently, to represent a pair of scales. This sign ends about zeven degrees east of Spica, the principal star in the constellation Virgo. Next comes Scovpio, the symbol of which resembles somewhat an old English letter m. This sign ends near the star Beta Scorpii, the brightest of the stars which form the Scorpion's claws. Next comes Sagittarius, symbolized by a figure intended, doubtless, for an arrow—Sagittarius being an archer—but which resembles more nearly an anchor. The sign ends at a point now exactly south. The sun will reach this point From Life.

about Christmas, when it will enter the Signs of the Zodine.

The symbol of Capricorn is a Chineselcoking affair, and is a crude representation, apparently, of the monster which stands for Capricorn on the chart—a goat with a fish body and tail. A conspicuous pair of stars-the brighter of the second magnitude-which stand in the head and

magnitude—which stand in the head and horns of this mongrel goat marks very nearly the eastern limit of this sign.

Next comes Aquarius, symbolized by a pair of wavy lines indicative of water. The termination of this sign is near the center of a triangle of three second magnitude stars, the upper two of which are in the shoulders of the Waterman.

The twelfth sign—the sixth of those now visible—is Pisces, the Fishes, the symbol of which obviously represents a pair of fishes, fastened together by a sort of skewer. This sign terminates at the vernal equinox, upon passing which the sun enters Artes.

It will be observed that the "signs" do

ters Aries.

It will be observed that the "signs" do not match the constellations which bear the same names, each sign being to the west of the corresponding constellation—occupying the place of the preceding constellation. Thus, the sign Libra is in the place of the constellation Virgo; the sign Scorpio in that of the constellation Libra, and so on along the whole line. This state of things has been brought about by the "procession of the equinoxes." The equior things has been brought about by the "procession of the equinoxes." The equinoxes are not fixed points, but are slowly sliding along the ecliptic—the sun's path in a direction from east to west—at a rate which in the last 2.000 years has advanced them about 30 degrees, the length of a sign. They drag with them the whole belt of the twelve signs, while the constellations are, of course changeless in position

seen it will become obvious that they all shoot from the direction of one particular point in the sky—a point below the constellation Cassiopeia. This point is marked on the planisphere "Meteor Radiant." It may be located pretty exactly by running a line from the first—the uppermost—star in the W of Cassiopeia to the fourth star and welcoming the line to a distance about

ing in size, pernaps, from that of a marble to that of a paving stone, which circle round the sun, like the short-period comets, in highly elliptical orbits, some of which cross the earth's path. They move in clouds or "shoats," millions of of which cross the earth's path. They move in clouds or "shoals," millions of them moving in practically the same orbit. These particles of matter being struck by the earth and entering its atmosphere with a velocity 50 or 100 times that of a rifle ball, are quickly consumed by the heat engendered by the friction of the air, their tracks being lighted up momentarily by their fatal splendor. A large number their tracks being lighted up momentarily by their fatal splendor. A large number of meteor systems is now recognized. Al-though the meteors belonging to any par-ticular system always move in the same direction after entering the earth's atmos-phere, or nearly the same, and their tracks are therefore parallel with one another are therefore parallel with one another, yet, from the law of perspective, they appear to radiate from some single point. The position of this point or "radiant" gives its name to the system. These Per-seids seem to come, as just stated, from a point in Perseus; the Leonids—the Novemher meteors—from a point in Leo; the Orl-onids from a point in Orlon, and so on. Of late years the annual display of Perseids has been remarkably fine, the meteors frequently being of a great size and leaving long trails. Keep a lookout for them.

The Planets.

Mercury has been an evening star since July 15 and will continue to be an evening star throughout the month, attaining its greatest elongation east-27 degrees 18 minutes-on the 26th. It ought to be visible tonight, half an hour after sunset, low in the west, if the sky is clear.

Venus is a brilliant morning star, about three hours in advance of the sun. Mars and Jupiter are both evening stars Mars and Jupiter are both evening stars in the constellation Leo, Mars a little to the east of Jupiter. Both set before 9 p.m. Saturn and Uranus are evening stars in Libra, just within the grasp of the Scorpion's claws. Saturn appears as an orange-yellow star of the first magnitude; Uranus, of the sixth magnitude and therefore visities to keep a keep and the start of the sixth magnitude. ble to a keen-eyed observer, is a trifle over two degrees a little east of south from degrees a little east of south from through an opera glass. Neptune in Tau-rus is a morning star, rising between 1 and 2 a.m.

Lost His Authority.

From the Chicago Record. "Mr. Chubbs, your little boy doesn't obey you very well." "No, he has never respected me since I tried to show him how to fly a kite."

She-"I am quite sure you had too much champagne when you called on me yes-terday afternoon." He—"Yes; I thought I'd just look in to-day and see if I was engaged to you."—

An Expedient.

Tid-Bits.



As They Ride Along the "Boy de Boolong"

PARISIAN

REMIND ONE OF THE BALLET

The Drinks They Drink Are Never

Strong.

WHEN RESTING AT A CHALET

PARIS, July 20, 1897. For Paris wheelmen-and girls, without whom no Frerebman would ever engage in any sport for any length of time-the chalets des cyclistes form a pleasant wous. The chalets are a number of little Swiss houses—one with a cabine de douches, others for putting up the machines, and others with porches for a good orchestra and shelter in case of rainwhile between, in the open air, are the numerous small tables and chairs of a cafe, with dining tables under striped awning on the turf beyond. The establishment is among the trees on the flat ground of the Bois de Boulogne, near the river on the one hand and with the great racecourse of Longehamps on the other. To reach it you leave the city and cross the entire park for two or three miles, or you com by the longer route round by the road which follows the windings of the Seine. If you only come to look at the cyclists and their costumes and to thare in the universal passion of the French for outdoor life in fair weather, then you take the boat as far as Suresnes and cross over the bridge—a sail from the Tuilleries of an hour end a walk of a few minutes.

It is from 5 to 7 of a summer evening that the crowd is greatest and most curi-

that the crowd is greatest and most curi-cus to look upcn. In the morning—from 9 till noon—the cool umbrageous alleys of the Bois see the correct world—gentlemen and ladies, with young masters and misses—cantering on horseback or comparing the speed of their wheels. But in the afternoon every one who is not cribbed, cabined and confined by French conventional re-strictions wheels abroad; and those who wish to see or to be seen, or to rest awhite at the turning point of their course, aim for the chalets before their return to the

Birds of Different Feather.

The difference of the morning and evening crowds is characteristic of Parisian life, where the sun is allowed to shine on the just and the unjust alike, and where no inquisition is made as to your neight-or's respectability in places opened to the general public. Perhaps, in the afternoon among English and American girls, who come with gentlemen after the frank, fear-less fashion of their own country, there silding along the ecliptic—the sun's path in a direction from east to west—at a rate which in the last 2,000 years has advanced them about 30 degrees, the length of a sign. They drag with them the whole belt of the twelve signs, while the constellations are, of course, changeless in position. Hence the dispiacement.

Meteors.

On the evenings of the 9th and 10th of the mouth keep a lookout for meteors, or "shooting stars," directing attention particularly to the northeastern quarter of the heavens. After three or four have been seen it will become obvious that they all shoot from the direction of one particularly shoot from the direction of one particularly in the sky—a point below the constellation Cassiopeia. This point is marked on the planisphere "Meteor Radiant." It may be located pretty exactly by running a line from the first—the uppermost—star in the W of Cassiopeia to the fourth star and prolonging the line to a distance about equal to that of the two stars apart. The point lies in the constellation Perseus: hence these meteors, which annually are seen at this season in greater or less numbers, are called "Perseids."

Meteors are now known to be simply particles or small masses of matter, varying in size, perhaps, from that of a marble to that of a paving stone, which circle round the sun, like the short-period to be simply particles or small masses of matter, varying in size, perhaps, from that of a marble to that of a paving stone, which circle round the sun, like the short-period between the sun like the short-period between the sun the constellation of a paving stone, which set the fremale eyes, and a greater fullness of lip produced by a judicious use of carmine salve; but the umaccustomed American will not at once recognize the difference and will not at once recognize the difference of the "worlds" around the umaccustomed American will not at once recognize the difference of the "worlds" around it he man to wondering if he really likes the sight. But he wondering if he really likes the sight. Bu

bought by the establishment, ready-made in bottles. But it is better to follow the practice of French male kind and keep the practice of French male kind and keep the head clear when bent on pleasure. Whatever mounts to the head makes these young Frenchmen so much the less capable of thinking about the enjoyment they are having; and this thinking is essential—without it the enjoyment itself would be pale and poor. And so self-consciousness helps the whole race to temperance—as does also its great sensitiveness to making operatif ride. great sensitiveness to making oneself ridic-

No Absinthe Here. This is a digression, by the way, for even the cocktails here are all but a temperance drink, like the brandy and the Madeira which are served out by thimblefulseconomy again assisting sobriety. In the economy again assisting sobriety. In the afternoon "bocks" of German or thin French beer are in demand—a measure that is less than half a pint. Some of the dudish young men call for hot milk; and there is a good bit of black coffee in tall glasses. Tees, in small quantities at big prices, may be had. A few of the afternoon ledies call for bitters with a lash of ourself. ladies call for bitters with a dash of curacoa; and so do some of the faster-looking men. But there is next to no absinthe, although this is the "green hour" along the boulevard, which is redolent with the odor of the deleterious drugged alcohol. It is always the same instinct on the part of this thrifty French race; its members will this thrifty French race; its members will not mix the tipsiness which kills thought with their pleasure and sport, which demand to be savored and rolled over by a free mental toward over full over the control of the control of the control over the control over

There are forty or fifty people seated about, and an excellent band of stringed inabout, and an excellent daily of strings in struments is playing the leaping, thrilling, walling music from "Carmen" or some of Wagner's operas, that express the unrest Wagner's operas, that express the unrest and endless search after the unattainable of the modern soul. Wheels dart up at every moment, riders gracefully alight—it is the first lesson here, where everything is done so that it can be seen to the doer's credit—and the ready attendants, handsome young men in easy blue uniforms embroidered with red, seize the machines, hand over the numbers and disappear to broidered with red, seize the machines, hand over the numbers and disappear to the storing rack. Others are leaving in inverse order. In the late afternoon there will be a crowd, and the newcomers will have to look, often in vain, for places at the tables. Carriages will also drive up, and fashionably attired men and women alight for a few minutes' refreshment and a look at the young world around.

Stick to Bloomers. Near us sits an English girl, whose cos-

tume my American mentor pronounces perfect, except that the skirt is too long. Her blonde hair escapes from beneath a Fedora hat-simple gray felt; she has a light shirt waist and the skirt is of dark material. A French girl marches jauntily forward. From the soles of her feet to the top of the ribbons on her head she is one esthetic fault in the eyes of my mentor. Instead of leggins she has low shoes, and—it goes without saying—she wears no skirt, neither long nor short nor yet divided. All the styles have had their fair trial in Paris, including knickerbockers and the American styles have had their fair trial in Paris, including knickerbockers, and the American girl has had full opportunity to prove by her example that the skirt is no end more becoming than any other bicycling integument. But lessons and examples drop from the fair Parisienne like rain from the curled-up cabbage leaf, and she sticks to bloomers. The bloomers in this case are ample in black and white checks, with a bright belt confining a pink waist, over which is worn an open bolero of white pique. On the head above the masses of coal-black hair there spreads far and wide and high a hat with multitudinous roses and great uprearing bows of ribbon to great uprearing bows of ribbon to

and how can that be with all those chirfons?"

The unconvinced male American remarks that, at least, the harmony of colors is kept, and without doubt mademoiselle is chic. But the American woman has her idea, which is associated with a formed conscience, like the Frenchman's idea of the cocktail. Certainly the French girl's costume is more entertaining to male eyes, though a bevy of American girls, in their short gray skirts, light shirt waists, with sailor hats above and tan leggins below, are reposeful to the eye of the wanderer far from home. "My country, "tis of thee," and so forth! As to bloomers, the men of and so forth! As to bloomers, the men of the directors' wives?"

A soft Answer.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Minnie—"I have had the same dress-maker for three years."

Mamile—"Really? I thought you had work that dress only two seasons."

the party seem to agree that they look bet-ter on the wheel than any kind of skirt, which always threatens (to the mind's eye) to catch the wind or the wheel, and which has an inverted sall look that is for-CYCLISTS

ever out of drawing, so to speak. Brendth of Benm.

Of the wheel there can be no doubt that the effect of the bloomers is often-oh, so very often, with the forms of these Paridennes-grotesque to a degree. Breadth of beam, to say the least, should not be exaggerated by dress, especially with a waddle gerated by dress, especially with a waddle which is far from all poetry of motion.

Some of the myle costumes are scarcely less grotesque to the mental vision of the American man, although here, too, the American woman is apt to differ with him. Their bandbox trimness wins her heart just as the French girl's brilliancy, like a flower, makes him look upon her kindly.

Here is a fine young man riding up with white gleves on his hands and with white duck breeches as full as the girl's bloomers. They are spotless white and recently

white gleves on his hands and with white duck breeches as full as the girl's bloomers. They are spotless white and recently starched, as the angles in which they have broken show. A neat dark sack, with the latest thing in colored shirts and summer cravats, a straw hat with tri-colored ribbon, and black stockings ending in low-strapped shoes and white galters, complete his attire. How should he not look well anywhere—even on the stage? But, then, here in Paris, more than anywhere else in the wide world, all the world's a stage?

We repose our vision by contemplating a New York clubman, as he should seem to be, who is ogling the bloomer girl from his place. With tall hat of the latest style, eye glasses in a good-natured, resolute face, white vest comfortably settled over a swelling abdomen and faultless trousers and shoes, he looks on the seene with the grace of an easy conscience backed by money. Even the French men and women look admiringly at his distinguished presence. But he would not do on the wheel, just as not every one can be a poet.

STERLING HEILIG.

THE FARMER AND GOOD ROADS.

Practical Systems Now at Work in New York and New Jersey. from the Motocycle. With all the advance of thought in the

direction of better highways, there are still many who believe that their cost must necessarily fall upon the agriculturist. Just as the farmer was the pioneer settler in most of the states, so he has been the pioneer road builder. At his town meetings he has determined where new roads should be laid out, which of them should be 'worked" and improved and how much of a tax should be expended upon each improvement. As it was left to him to plan this important work, so its expense has rested almost entirely upon his shoulders. Now that the cry for macadamized high-ways is to be heard in the city and counways is to be heard in the city and country alike, farmers believe, as a rule, that they are to be called upon to build them.

This, is wrong. Farmers have enough in the way of taxes to pay, without undertaking the building of elaborate gravel and stone roads. It is unfair that such a burden should be added to their already heavy load. Whatever may be undertaken in the way of construction nerwards in the load. Whatever may be undertaken in the way of constructing permanent highways, should be done at the expense of those who are to reap its benefits. True it is that the saving in the cost of hauling crops would be considerable, and that this saving would result almost entirely to the farmer. But that is no reason for asking him to pay the cost of building such roads. He is not the only one to use them. They serve to bring city people and city products into the country, as much as they serve to bring country people and country products into the city. The merchant who has business with the farmer is as much benefited through a good road to travel over

ucts into the city. The merchant who has business with the farmer is as much benefited through a good road to travel over as is the farmer who comes to town on business of any kind. Neither is the use of roads limited to those living in the vicinity, and travelers from a distance share the benefits resulting from their improvement. It would be the height of injustice, therefore, to ask the farmer alone to stand the cost of good roads.

The proper division of the cost of good roads has been accomplished through state aid. This is the system by which the stone roads of New Jersey have been built. The farmers in that state are so enthusiastically favorable to the extension of the state aid system that it deserves to be described. In the first place, under the working of the In the first place, under the working of the state aid system, no improvement is under-taken except upon the petition of those re-siding upon the road to be improved. When such a petition has been duly signed, it is to have the necessary drawings and speci-fications made. These are then presented to the state highway commissioner for approval. Upon their return by the state commissioner to the county officers, they proceed to advertise for proposals to build the road. When the contracts are let, a convention of each contract panel to file out. copy of each contract must be filed with the state commissioner, who thereupon ap-points a supervisor of construction, upon the recommendation of the property holders, who have petitioned for the improvement. This supervisor must give his whole time to the work, and see that the conditions of

the specifications and contract are carried Under this state aid system the cost of improvement is divided between the state, the county and the adjoining property. the state paying one-third, the the property adjoining the improvement paying one-tenth, and the county paying

the remainder.

The bill introduced in the New York legislature by Senator Higbie provides for a similar state aid system of road building, except that the proportion of the expense borne by the state is raised to one-half of the total cost. This bill is the result of numerous conferences between Mr. Isaac B. Potter of the League of American Wheelfarmers' organizations in New York state, and will have the generous support of both

farmers and wheelmen.
This system of building improved roads is highly popular, because no work is un-dertaken except upon the petition of those to be benefited. At the same time the cost of the improvement is not required to be borne by the farmers, and those of them whose land borders upon the road where the work is done are required to pay only a small share of its cost. The rest of the expense is shared by city and country property holders, because county taxes are assessed in the cities as well as in the assessed in the cities as well as in the country, and because state taxes are shared by every one in the state, according to the amount of property he owns, including the wealthy manufacturers, railway and insurance companies. As most of the wealth of the state is to be found in the cities, the of the state is to be found in the cities, the New Jersey system successfully brings about the construction of improved gravel or stone roads without laying their entire cost upon the farmers, and without requiring them to contribute more than an equitable share of expense according to the wealth of each individual taxpayer. The state aid system successfully apparent the state aid system successfully answers the objection still made by many, that we cannot have good roads without overloading the farmer with taxes, of which he is already paying more than his share.

The Frolicsome Searchlight. From the New York Suc.

Several of the big passenger steamers that run on the Hudson river have been equipped with big searchlights, and every night, whether clear or foggy, the men who operate these lights flash them along the shores with results that are sometimes shores with results that are sometimes startling. When these lights come flashing up from the river into rooms in the big apartment houses along the upper West-Side of town the effect is such that one suspects the building is on fire. Recently several of the superintendents of hospitals along the river between New York and Albany have complained that the searchlights have been thrown into the wards and seriously alarmed the patients. These lights, however, have added greatly to the picturesqueness of river travel by night.

Not Even if Her Case Were Stronger From the Pittsburg Dispatch. A gentleman had left his corner seat in

an already crowded railway car to go in search of something to eat, leaving a rug to reserve his seat. On returning he found that in spite of the rug and the protests of his fellow passengers, the seat had been usurped by one in lady's garments. To his protestations her lofty reply was: "Do you know, sir, that I am one of the directors' wives?"

"Madam," he replied, "were you the director's only wife I should still protest."